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THE ENGLISH REGICIDES IN AMERICA.

ONE of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England, is the deliverance of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip—the saddest page in the annals of the colonies—had just commenced; and the inhabitants of Hadley, alarmed by the threatening aspect of the times, had, on the 1st of September 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship, to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before Him in a solemn fast. All at once, the terrible war-whoop was heard, and the church surrounded by a blood-thirsty band of savages; while the infant, the aged, the bedridden—all who had been unable to attend service, were at the mercy of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. At that period, so uncertain were the movements of the Indians, that it was customary for a select number of the stoutest and bravest among the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, even to the house of prayer; and now, in consternation and confusion, these armed men of Hadley sallied forth to defend themselves and families. But, unfortunately, the attack had been too sudden and well-planned; the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church; and, posted on every spot of vantage-ground, their bullets told with fatal effect upon the bewildered and disheartened colonists. At this crisis, there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect, with long gray hair falling on his shoulders. Rallying the retreating townsmen, he issued brief and distinct orders in a commanding voice, and with cool and soldierly precision. The powerful influence which, in moments of peril and difficulty, a master-mind assumes over his less gifted fellows, was well exemplified on this occasion. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant, had never seen him. He divided the colonists into two bodies; placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check, while the other, by a circuitous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear. The Red Men, thus surprised in turn, and placed between two fires, were immediately defeated and put to flight, leaving many of their painted warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was thus saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings, and heartfelt congratulations;

then followed thanks and praise to God, and then the deliverer was eagerly sought for. Where was he? All had seen him an instant before; but now he had disappeared: nor was he ever seen again. One or two among the people could have told who he was, but they prudently held their peace.

Amid the dense forests and mighty rivers of America, the stern piety of the Puritans had acquired an imaginative cast, almost unknown in the mother-country; and thus unable to account for the sudden advent and disappearance of the delivering stranger, the people of Hadley believed that he was an angel sent from God, in answer to their prayers, to rescue them from the heathen enemy. With the traditions of the Indian war of 1675, that belief has been handed down to our own day; and it was only a few years ago, on the banks of the pleasant Kennebec, that a fair descendant of the redoubtable Captain Church, related to the writer the foregoing legend as an indisputable instance of a supernatural dispensation of Providence.

The story, however, is a historical fact, and, latterly, has embellished more than one popular work of fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who allowed little to escape him, alludes to it in *Feveril of the Peak*; Cooper has made use of it in *The Borderers*; and *Oliver Newman*, the last poem of Southey, is partly founded on the eventful history of William Goffe, the delivering angel of the inhabitants of Hadley.

Goffe, son of the rector of Tranmere, in Sussex, was, in early life, apprenticed to a drysalter in London; but the stirring events of the great Civil War soon drew him from so obscure a position. Joining the Parliamentary Army, he rose in a short time to the rank of colonel, and gained the entire confidence of Cromwell. He was one of those bold men who presumed to sit in judgment on their sovereign, and condemn him to the scaffold and the block. He commanded Cromwell's own regiment at the battle of Dunbar, and 'at push of pike repelled the stoutest regiment the enemy had there.' Subsequently, he became major-general, and obtained a seat in the Protector's House of Peers. After the death of Cromwell, when the Restoration was evidently close at hand, Goffe, well knowing that England would no longer be a place of safety for him, left Westminster early in the May of 1660, and, accompanied by Edward Whalley, his father-in-law, embarked for Boston.

Whalley was first-cousin to Cromwell, and early distinguished himself in the Civil War. At Naseby, he charged and defeated two divisions of Langdale's horse, though they were supported by Prince Rupert. In the west, he defeated 'the dissolute Goring,' and did good service at the siege of Bristol. He had charge of the king at Hampton Court; sat in judgment on him in

Westminster Hall; and the name of Whalley stands fourth in the list of signatures attached to the death-warrant of Charles. At Dunbar, Major-general Whalley had his horse shot under him; yet, though wounded, he continued in pursuit of the flying enemy. When Cromwell dissolved the first Protectorate Parliament, it was Whalley who carried off the mace; and, lastly, we read of him sitting in the Upper House as one of the Lord Protector's peers.

On their arrival in Boston, in June, Goffe and Whalley were well received, and treated, by Governor Endicott and the leading men of the colony, according to the rank they had held in England. But as the news of the proclamation of Charles II. came out in the same ship with them, they having heard it in the Channel, it was considered prudent that they should retire to the village of Cambridge, now a suburb of Boston. As an illustration of the feelings of the colonists towards them, it is worth noticing, that a person who had insulted the Regicides was bound over to keep the peace, although, at the same time in London, a reward of £100 was offered for their heads. A New-England tradition of Goffe at this period is still current, and therefore claims recital, although we have doubts of the ex-major-general placing himself in so undignified a position. A European master of fence, it is said, had arrived in the colony, and, in order to exhibit his skill in the art, had erected a stage in the public street, from which he vauntingly challenged all comers to a bout at rapier or broadsword. Goffe, being among the crowd, perhaps nettled by some political allusion, snatched a dirty mop from the hands of a bystander, and hastily mounted the stage. 'What do you mean,' exclaimed the fencing-master, 'by coming at me in that fashion?' A dab of the filthy instrument in the speaker's face was Goffe's sole reply. The enraged champion thrust viciously with his rapier; but it was adroitly parried with the mop-handle, and again his eyes, mouth, and beard, were deluged. This went on for a short time, to the great delight of the spectators, till at length the discomfited braggart, throwing down his rapier, caught up a broadsword. 'Hold!' cried the old parliamentary warrior: 'know that for so far I have played with you; but if you come at me with a broadsword, I will most certainly kill you.' Upon which the fencing-master, struck by the stern manner of his antagonist, at once dropped his weapon, muttering: 'Leave me alone, I will have no more to do with you—you are either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil.' Ezra Stiles, the distinguished antiquary, and learned president of Yale College, writing in 1794, says it is still proverbial in New England, when praising a champion at athletic exercises, to say, that none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the devil.

The halcyon days of the refugees at Cambridge were soon at an end. Late in November, the Act of Indemnity, from which, among others, the names of Goffe and Whalley were excluded, arrived in Boston. Yet Governor Endicott did not summon a general court to consult upon securing them until February, and then a majority of the members were against the proposition. At a consultation of their private friends, however, it was decided, as the safest plan, that the refugees should proceed to Newhaven, in Connecticut; and accordingly they set forth on their journey, and were treated with kindness and respect on the way. Arrived at Newhaven, they took up their residence in the house of Mr Davenport, the clergyman, a person eminently distinguished, in the early chronicles of the colony, for his talents, learning, zeal, and piety. But the fugitives were not destined to remain long at rest. In March, news arrived from England that ten of the Regicides had been already executed; the relentless vengeance of the authorities

aggravating the bitterness of their deaths with circumstances of revolting barbarism.

Goffe, from the period of his departure from England until the year of his death, kept a diary. Unfortunately, this interesting manuscript was burned at Boston, during one of the riots that formed no unapt prelude to the revolutionary war; but there are a few scattered extracts from it to be found in the pages of Hutchinson, and other New-England writers, which afford us a glance at the inner life and sentiments of the refugees. They appear to have heard of the execution of their friends and confederates with feelings more nearly allied to exultation than regret. History informs us that these ten, who first suffered the penalty of the outraged law, exhibited traits of the wildest fanaticism. In the court, they appealed to the victories which the Lord had given to their swords, as a proof of the justice of their cause. They declared, that 'the execution of Charles Stuart was a necessary act of justice, a glorious deed, the sound of which had gone into most nations, and a solemn recognition of that high supremacy which the King of Heaven holds over the kings of the earth.' On the scaffold, they said that their 'martyrdom was the most glorious spectacle the world had ever witnessed since the death of the Saviour.' But, they continued, let their persecutors tremble: the hand of the Lord was already raised to avenge their innocent blood, and in a short time their cause would again be triumphant. With the confidence of prophets, they uttered this prediction, and with the boldness of martyrs submitted to their fate. Such language and conduct was not lost on their equally fanatical, yet pious and Bible-learned brethren. From Goffe's diary, it appears that he and his companion considered the execution of the ten Regicides to be identical with the slaying of the 'witnesses,' foretold in the book of Revelation; and, connecting this idea with the mystical number 666, they confidently expected that in the year 1666, a new revolution would take place in their favour. Under this idea, they suffered all the heart-sickness of deferred hope, for the year 1666 passed without any demonstration; but their faith, nevertheless, was unshaken—there must be a chronological error, they affirmed, in the date of the Christian era, and the accomplishment of the witnesses' prediction must speedily arrive.

The news of the execution of the ten Regicides was accompanied with tidings of still greater personal interest to Goffe and Whalley. A Captain Bredan having seen them in Boston, reported the circumstance in London; and a royal mandate was transmitted to Governor Endicott, to arrest and send them to England. The governor, whatever his own private feelings might be, did not dare to resist the order openly; but attempting to evade it, on the grounds of inability to compel his subordinates to put it into execution, two young English merchants, named Kirk and Kellond, zealous Royalists, volunteered on the service, and, furnished with Endicott's warrant, immediately proceeded to Newhaven. Letters, however, conveyed intelligence of these proceedings to the people of Newhaven, who took measures accordingly. On the Sunday previous to the arrival of the 'pursuers,' as Kirk and Kellond were termed, Davenport preached a sermon, divided into no less than thirty-two heads, from the following passage in the sixteenth chapter of Isaiah: 'Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.' This discourse had the desired effect. When the pursuers arrived, they waited on Leet, the governor of Newhaven, requesting him to back their warrant, and render them assistance. Leet replied, that a conscientious scruple prevented him from backing their warrant; that he could not suffer

them to act as magistrates in Newhaven; but he would send out his own constables to seek for Goffe and Whalley, and if they were in his jurisdiction, they would, no doubt, be speedily arrested. Leet's constables, we need scarcely say, did not succeed in arresting the outcasts. But when the pretended search was going on in the town, a more laughable farce was being acted in its immediate vicinity. One Kimberley, the sheriff, not having the fear of Parson Davenport or Governor Leet before his eyes, mustering a few followers, proceeded to where the delinquents were quietly passing the day under a tree, so that the constables might conscientiously affirm that they could not find them in the town. Kimberley, advancing, summoned the old Roundhead heroes to surrender; but they, not relishing such freedom, gave the sheriff a sound caning for his pains—his followers, instead of assisting their chief, laughing heartily at his discomfiture.

Newhaven being now unsafe quarters for the Regicides, they retreated to a cave on the summit of West Hill, one of the headlands that form the harbour, where, supplied with provisions by a woodman, they lived for about a month. The Cave of the 'Judges'—such being the term invariably given to the Regicides in America—is at the present day one of the show-places of Newhaven. It is formed by seven rocks, leaning against and supporting each other, so as to resemble in some degree a cromlech; but though appearing to be the work of man, it is in reality a sport of nature. It rises to the height of twenty-seven feet, and affords a delightful view over Long Island Sound, studded with countless sails; the town and harbour of Newhaven; the rich corn-fields and luscious peach-orchards of Connecticut. No such fair spectacle, however, greeted the eyes of the hunted dwellers in the cave, who, no doubt, frequently climbed the rocks to look out for the approach of their enemies; yet the scene must at that time have been sublime in the uncultivated majesty of nature.

The pursuers, after visiting the Dutch colony of Manhattan, now New York, returned to Boston, and made a formal complaint against Governor Leet. Matters began to wear a serious aspect. That Leet might have no excuse, the original royal mandate was forwarded to him. His council were divided: some advocating the surrender of the Regicides, lest the liberties of the infant colony might be injured by royal displeasure. Several of those who had sheltered the outcasts were afraid of punishment. In this state of affairs, Goffe and Whalley bravely marched down to the governor, and surrendered themselves. Leet seems to have been unprepared for this bold step. He kept them concealed, however, for twelve days on his own premises—provisioning them from his own table, although he would not see them. During this interval, many anxious councils were held; till it was concluded that Leet should temporise a little longer with the supreme authorities, and in the meantime, that the Regicides should return to their retreat, giving their parole that they would again surrender whenever required. It would be tedious to follow their movements step by step through the summer of 1661. Suffice it to say, that four other retreats, as well as the cave on West Hill, are named after them, and still traditionally known to the people of Newhaven. In August of the same year, the colony made its peace with government, by proclaiming Charles II.; and the pursuit after the Regicides slackening for a short time, they, at the approach of winter, went to the house of a person named Tomkins, in Milford, near Newhaven, where they resided for two years. During that time, although they never wandered further than the orchard adjoining the house, their residence there was known to many. Goffe, who was a person of education, and had received the degree of M.A. at Oxford, was famous in the Parliamentary

Army as 'a frequent prayer-maker, preacher, and presser for righteousness and freedom'; and no less distinguished himself when at Milford, by holding forth on all suitable occasions, to the great delight of his hearers.

Milford, however, was not to be the final resting-place of the outcasts. Matters between the colonies and the mother-country being still in an unsettled state, four royal commissioners were sent to New England 'to settle the peace and security of the country'; the astute statesman Clarendon, when he advised this course, using the remarkable words: 'They (the colonies) are already hardened into republics.' One of the 'articles' on which the commissioners were charged to make strict inquiry, was the arrest and transmission to England of Goffe and Whalley; for, amid all the undisguised profligacy and corruption that revelled in the court, the crowned pensioner of Louis XIV. ever breathed bitter vengeance against the slayers of his royal father. Alarmed at this intelligence, the Regicides left Milford in October 1664, for the more remote town of Hadley; travelling by night, they rested in temporary arbourous during the day. Some of these resting-places are still traditionally pointed out as the Pilgrims' Harbour.

Preparations had been made for their reception at Hadley. Mr Russel, the clergyman of that town, had two concealed rooms, an upper and lower one, built adjoining his own house. In these rooms, in utter seclusion, buried from the world, Whalley lived fourteen years, till liberated by death in 1678. It is not clear whether Goffe revisited Newhaven after the death of Whalley; but it is almost certain that he too died in Russel's house about two years after his father-in-law.

A few months after their arrival in Hadley, Goffe and his companion were surprised by a visit from John Dixwell, another of the English Regicides. Dixwell was a man of good family, and considerable landed property, in Kent; he sat for Dover in the Long Parliament, and held the rank of colonel in the army of the Commonwealth. He sat in Westminster Hall on the trial of the king, and affixed his name to the fatal death-warrant. Subsequently, he was appointed governor of Dover Castle; and for several years officiated as sheriff of Kent. At the Restoration, he fled to Hanau, where, becoming a burgess, he received protection; but, his regicide companions, Okey and Barksted, being trepanned by Sir George Downing, the British minister at the Hague, sent to England, and executed, Dixwell crossed the Atlantic, to seek a more secure refuge in America.

This meeting must have been a most interesting event in the secluded lives of Goffe and Whalley. What asking of questions, relating of adventures, regrets for the past, and fears for the future, must have formed the conversation of the three outlaws! Dixwell remained but for a short time at Hadley; and the only other event of any importance during the miserable sojourn of the other two, was the attack by the Indians, and Goffe's remarkable appearance as the deliverer of the town. As long as they lived, they were supported by contributions from friends in England and America. Goffe regularly corresponded with his wife in England under a feigned name. Part of one of those letters from Goffe, and the reply from his wife, are before us as we write. They are painful documents, displaying exceeding amiability of private character, and minds supported under the affliction of a life-long separation in this world, by strong faith in a happy meeting in another. It seems strange that men who had acted such stirring parts in the world, could exist in so secluded a manner as they did in Russel's house; but Whalley at least was not unaffected by the change, for during several years before his death, he was imbecile both in body and mind,

requiring Goffe's constant attention.* One might wonder, likewise, that in the most distant settlement of America, there should have been occasion for such rigorous seclusion; but we must remember, that the vengeance of the Royalists was not always conducted according to the forms of law. Dorislaus was assassinated at the Hague, and Lisle in Switzerland; and so little was thought of the latter circumstance, that Anthony a Wood merely says: 'He was, by some generous Royalists, there despatched.'

From the time that Dixwell visited Hadley, we lose sight of him for about seven years, when we find that he came to Newhaven, and settled there under the name of James Davis. He lived quietly, was much respected for his piety, married, became a widower, married again, and died at a good old age in 1689. It would appear that the English authorities had never suspected his existence in America. Once only was he in any danger during his residence in Newhaven. Sir Edmund Andros, governor of Massachusetts, who earned for himself the unenviable title of the American Jeffreys, passing through Newhaven, attended divine service, and was struck by Dixwell's appearance as the latter entered the church. 'Who is that person?' said Andros. 'A retired merchant,' was the reply. 'No,' rejoined the governor, 'that is no merchant; he is a gentleman, and has been a soldier: this must be looked to.' Probably Andros thought he had discovered Goffe; but, whatever were his intentions, they were speedily put out of his head by feelings of rage and indignation. Not only did the clergyman preach at him, but even the clerk sang at him. We may imagine how the old Presbyterian precentor, looking hard at the governor, gave out the verse, and chanted, with bitter energy, Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the fifty-second Psalm:—

Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
Thy wicked works to praise?

A select few in Newhaven knew who Dixwell was. He made his will in his own name, but requested that it should not be put upon his tombstone, lest his ashes might be desecrated, as those of greater men had been by the relentless Royalists. The Revolution had occurred before he died; but he was a fortnight in his grave before the news reached Newhaven. The rejoicings on the occasion must have almost made the old Roundhead leap in his grave! The altered state of affairs caused by the Revolution allowed Dixwell's will to be submitted to probate; his family were recognised by their relatives in England, and ultimately received some small benefit from their father's Kentish estates.

About forty years ago, the inhabitants of Newhaven, finding their burial-ground inconveniently crowded, and, by the increase of building, brought almost into the centre of the town, laid out an ornamental cemetery in the suburbs, to which they carefully removed the remains and monuments of their forefathers from the ancient place of interment. But three graves and three gravestones, considered by the people of Newhaven to possess a historical interest, were left undisturbed in their original sites, where the writer saw them a few years ago, and where they may be seen to this day. One of these conceals the ashes of Dixwell; the other two are the last resting-places of Goffe and Whalley. How the bodies of the latter came to be removed from Hadley to Newhaven, a distance of 100 miles, is a mystery now difficult to solve. Tradition states, that it was the wish of Dixwell that the three should be buried beside each other, and that he, having fetched the bodies of his fellow-regicides from Hadley, interred them, with the aid of the sexton, at night, and after-

wards caused the tombstones to be erected. It is known for a certainty that Russel, in whose house Goffe and Whalley were so long concealed, buried their bodies on his own premises; and it is conjectured, that being afraid lest they should be discovered, he procured Dixwell to remove them to Newhaven. Even in the time of James II., the crown-officers of New England eagerly sought for information respecting the Regicides and their concealers. The cruel execution of Lady Alicia Lisle, widow of the assassinated Regicide, for sheltering a dissenting minister implicated in Monmouth's rebellion, seems to have struck a dread on all the harbourers of the Regicides in the colonies, and it is very probable that that event may have occasioned the removal of the bodies. However this may be, the last resting-place of Goffe and Whalley is undoubtedly at Newhaven. On Dixwell's tomb there is the following inscription:—'J. D., Esqr. Deceased March the 18th. In the 82d year of his age. 1688-9.' On the tomb of Whalley there are only the initials E. W., and a date, which at first glance appears to be 1658; but on more careful scrutiny, the 5 is discovered to be an inverted 7, meaning 1678, the correct date of his death. That this has not been done accidentally, but by design, is proved by the date being cut in the same manner on the footstone of the grave. The inscription on Goffe's tombstone is merely 'M. G. 80.' But there is a dash, thus —, beneath the letter M, signifying it is to be read inverted, as W, the correct initial; and the 80, which to the uninitiated would seem to imply that he lived to that age, denotes the year of his death, 1680, at which time he had not reached his seventieth year. This enigmatical mode of inscription was adopted, evidently to avoid detection, by Dixwell; and as it answered that purpose in a former period, so it has attracted attention at a later era, and indisputably proves the identity of the remains that lie beneath.

THE RIVAL SHOP.

WHILE lately on an excursion in Scotland, we were glad to gather a few particulars respecting social improvements in certain country districts. Scarcely anywhere did we learn that things were standing still. In villages remote from a general thoroughfare, we found that lending libraries had been formed for the accommodation of the inhabitants; and to these libraries the clergy of every denomination willingly gave encouragement. In one place, we attended a public soiree, at which the very best spirit was manifested—the taste shewn on this occasion, as respects music, decoration, and speeches, being equal to what could be shewn in populous and wealthy localities, and perhaps superior. In another place, we found that a respectable and intelligent class of persons united to form an institution for the purpose of delivering lectures at intervals during winter; the money taken at the doors being devoted to the support of a library and reading-room—this latter place of resort being gratuitously open to all. Again, did we find different denominations of clergymen voluntarily giving their aid in these public lectures. We were told that a minister of the Established Church had delivered an instructive lecture on Chemistry, and that a minister of a seceding body had given a popular address on Ethnology. All this was quite as it should be; and it is a relief to think of it amidst the general din of polemical warfare.

In the course of our inquiries, we heard of a plan that has been adopted for discouraging intemperance at fairs and hiring-markets. At these great rural assemblages, from time immemorial, there has been no other place for transacting business or procuring

* In a note to *Peveril of the Peak*, Scott states that it was Whalley who commanded the defenders of Hadley. But a letter from Goffe to his wife, written a year previous to that event, gives a sad account of his father-in-law's utter imbecility. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that Goffe was the supposed angel of Hadley.

refreshment than the public-house; and consequently such fairs and markets have for the most part been occasions of drunkenness and demoralisation. To remedy this evil, a scheme has been adopted, of opening a public hall for the sale of cooked victuals, tea, coffee, and other refreshments. The hall is heated, lighted, and affords sundry small accommodations—such as the use of pen, ink, and paper. In one country town where this was tried, hundreds of persons, as is usual with all novelties, prognosticated that it would never answer—that the 'temperance affair' would have no chance. Yet, in this town, on the first occasion of a fair, as many as 2500 people took advantage of the accommodation that was offered them in lieu of that of the public-house. In a smaller place, a similar attempt was made, and was successful in a corresponding degree. The success in each case, however, we feel assured, would have been still greater, if the refreshment-rooms in question possessed the attraction of music under proper regulations; for without this addition, they may be said to fall short, to a certain extent, of what constitutes a true substitute for the public-house. At present, the youths of both sexes who frequent these fairs, are not satisfied with mere refreshments; what they want is excitement, and this they procure at penny-dances, where they are amused with the strains of a violin. Let an attempt, therefore, be made to substitute a good for a poor kind of music, and so prevent the demoralisation which ensues from our entirely ignoring the popular taste. With this improvement, we would hope that the scheme of these refreshment-rooms may meet with extensive imitation. The truth is, if the more humble and heedless classes of the community are to be elevated in taste, and saved from falling into habits of mean indulgence, it is not by an eager and indiscriminate assault on the vendors of alcoholic stimulants, but by setting up in an attractive form the Rival Shop. In town, country—everywhere, we say, open the Rival Shop; and if it be a pleasant and comfortable shop, there need be little fear of its wanting customers.

To extend our notice of certain agreeable signs of social improvement, we may be allowed to say a few words on the progress which seems to be making in a taste for horticultural pursuits. It has been very properly observed, that a love of gardening, on however small a scale—be it only the tending of a pet flower-pot—has in it something that exhilarates and improves. One seldom hears of gardeners misconducting themselves; and we venture to go a step further, and say, that no person whatever, who once imbibes a taste for pansies and hollyhocks, and thinks much of cultivating daisies and anemones, is likely to be an indifferent member of society. It would not be difficult to demonstrate, that the promotion of a taste for flowers and plants leads to an elevation of taste in other things. And it is remarkable how little is required to excite a love of horticultural pursuits, even in situations supposed to deaden the higher class of emotions. A story is told of a whole village in the Highlands being stimulated to enter on a course of improvement, from the simple circumstance of a lady one day expressing her admiration of a single marigold which grew in the neglected garden of one of the cottagers. 'Is it possible,' thought the proprietor of this little flower, 'that anything I have in my poor garden is worthy of the approval of a lady?—if so, I will endeavour to make things better: I will try my hand at a few more flowers.' Thus reasoning, the cottager began to occupy himself in his garden; neighbours followed his example; a spirit of rivalry was begun—and, lo! in a short time, the whole village, interior and exterior, assumed quite an improved aspect—cleanly doorways, walls nicely decorated with flowers, and a general advancement in all matters of taste. Now, this anecdote, which rests on good authority, affords a pretty

fair specimen of what may be done by a little judiciously administered approbation, acting upon a spirit of honourable competition.

In making these remarks, we have had in our eye a signal instance of the advantages derived from the establishment of a horticultural society in one of the most secluded districts of the Lowlands of Scotland, where hitherto there had been much neglect in the matter of flower and vegetable culture. We allude to Peeblesshire, a purely rural county, consisting principally of the vale of the upper Tweed, to which we had lately the pleasure of making a short but not uninteresting visit. It is pleasing to think that a growing love of horticulture has penetrated to this district, through the agency of a spirited local society, and is likely to be of no inconsiderable benefit.

This society, as we learn, commenced only two years ago, under the patronage of the surrounding land proprietors and their families, and embraced three classes of members: Gentlemen's Gardeners, Amateurs, and Cottagers. A very small sum which each paid annually for membership, aided by contributions, formed a fund whence the amount of prizes was drawn. No general competition was allowed. The members of each class competed only among themselves. Latterly, there has been little need for contributions in money, which is a pleasing feature in the history of the undertaking. It is always best when societies of this kind are self-supporting—the commercial being, in fact, the only safe principle as a permanence. When an institution supports itself, there is hope of its continued popularity and stability; and to this point it ought to be the aim to bring all meliorative associations. One important means of support to the Peeblesshire Society, has consisted in the sums gathered as entrance-money to the shows of flowers and other garden products. The money taken at the door on each occasion amounts to about L.15. And speaking of this, we are led to notice a plan of admission worthy of imitation. At the first and subsequent exhibition, the crush of persons, young and old, to gain admission was so great, that there was universal discontent. To remedy this in some degree, it was arranged that, in future, there should be three classes of entrance-fees—for the first hour, a shilling; second hour, sixpence; and third hour, threepence. This plan has been eminently successful, and has given much satisfaction: all are accommodated, and all are pleased. This method of regulating the entrance to public exhibitions of the kind, where there is not much space at disposal, may be advantageously followed. And what, after all, is it but a following out of the system of boxes, pit, and gallery—of first, second, and third classes in railway travelling, and many other things?

Small country towns are usually at a loss for large apartments to accommodate public exhibitions and meetings; the largest room in the largest inn being ordinarily found too small for such purposes. This deficiency has also been overcome, in the case of the society in question. A manful effort was made to raise money to purchase a canvas tent of ample size. Upwards of L.70 was subscribed; and to the amazement of those who have no faith in public spirit, a splendid pavilion-tent one morning rose from the centre of the town-green, with the union-jack flying from its summit. The thing was really well done. Prodigious crowds poured in; the long tables exhibited an array of fruits, flowers, and kitchen vegetables, in great variety, and with a marked improvement in their respective qualities.

On making inquiry a few weeks ago, we were gratified to learn that advances in taste have been very perceptible in the district, through the agency of these flower-shows, and of certain small prizes which are offered for the neatest-kept cottages and gardens; and this latter result is, indeed, tolerably evident to the

wayside traveller. Honeysuckles and roses blossom at doorways where nothing previously flourished but dirt and confusion, and men may be seen occupying their leisure hours in their small gardens who formerly spent no small portion of their time in the public-house.

We repeat, Nothing like the RIVAL SHOR!

A DAY AT SCEAUX.

THERE is a funny little railway on the south side of Paris, leading from the Barrier d'Enfer to the Park of Sceaux. It is like no other railway on the face of the earth, and consists of one line of rails, with a loop at either terminus, round which the down-trains creep, just as the up-trains are coming to the landing-place. We never could understand—perhaps because we never tried—how all those little slanting wheels underneath the carriages, assisted the train in bending round, much more cleverly than popular legends allow the alligator to do, just in time to make way for a new arrival. Afterwards, it is smooth work enough for some time. Away we go, slap through the fortifications, *vis-à-vis* Cachan, leaving Bicêtre on one hand, as far as Bourg-la-Reine. Here we are at the bottom of the Valley of Fontenay, with the woods of Verrières swelling over its extreme depths. Further on—But this is too geographical. We mean to relate a particular excursion, undertaken on a particular day, and beg to be allowed the privilege of a little introductory narrative.

We were rather younger than we are now—information vague enough, chronologically speaking, but sufficiently precise for our purpose. As to position, we fluctuated between the student and the adventurer; and although English, even to the admiration of roast-beef and plum-pudding, quite domiciliated in the land and the affections and the confidence of Frenchmen—of Frenchwomen too, as we mean to shew. In fact, that there may be no mystery about the matter, our companions on the important day to which we refer were two ladies, mother and daughter, Madame Veuve Bernard and Mademoiselle Josephine—the former, a comely dame, who might still be led out to a dance; the latter, a bewilderingly graceful little creature, towards whom all beards, black, red, and gray, turned, like so many sun-flowers, as we passed along the Luxembourg, and beneath the walls of the Foundling Hospital—'An excellent institution!' said Mademoiselle Josephine, from the other side of her mamma; for in France you only give your arm to one lady at a time, and never parade along in the 'how-happy-could-I-be-with-either,' Captain Macheath sort of style which Englishmen affect.

This is a specimen of the imitative style of writing, and is meant to suggest the breathless state in which I arrived in sight of the terminus, our line marching obliquely, Josephine a little ahead, her mother dragged half a neck forward, and I behind, endeavouring to preserve a grave demeanour, perfectly certain that we were at least half an hour before our time. It was not until we had taken our tickets that I was allowed to sit down in the waiting-room, and calmly meditate on the position in which I was placed.

For the first time, the truth flashed across my mind that I was there for the purpose of making a declaration. Madame Bernard shared the delusion common in her country, which makes all Englishmen *milords*,

and all *milords* rich. My one room on the fourth storey, my respectable but never varied costume, my occasional shortcomings with the rent—of course the *concierge* told her all my affairs—were set down simply to the score of eccentricity. She was the widow of a late pastry-cook, and occupied a pretty apartment on the *entresol*—a kind of supplementary flight of rooms, crushed low between the first floor and the ground-floor. She had sought my acquaintance, the malicious said, just after her daughter had been jilted by the bootmaker opposite. Her disinterested manner and frank hospitality, however, had made me scorn all base insinuations of that kind, until, having been betrayed into offering to treat the ladies to a little country excursion, I found myself exposed in the waiting-room of the railway station to the cat-like fascinations of Josephine, close under the scrutinising gaze of her mamma.

'Twas too late to repent. I closed my eyes, mentally speaking, but really I could not help keeping them bodily open; for, after all, it was not by any means an unpleasant thing to be looked up to with inviting admiration by that charming little creature. Besides, there were five or six bearded persons looking with envy upon me; and the temptation was too great, when Josephine, by a meaning nod, requested me to stoop down, that she might whisper that these said bearded men were merely *calicots*—a word of depreciation, applied by impertinent young misses to whoever stands behind a counter all the week, and comes out as a lion on Sunday afternoon. I could not see exactly what took place, but imagine that Josephine's pretty little nose must have buried itself in my whisker; for a murmur went through the group of calicots, of which 'Coquin d'Anglais!' formed the burden. 'Rogue of an Englishman!' in that sense was highly complimentary and flattering; and although I had thought that my nationality was not quite so obvious, I drew myself up proudly, and looked around, all the while holding a well-gloved little hand, that somehow or other had dropped into mine.

We are creatures of circumstances: it is transcendently delightful to be the creatures of such circumstances as that. I was almost sorry when the bell rang, and we were obliged to hurry out upon the platform, and rush—people always rush when there is nothing to be gained by it—to take our seats. The train destined for our use occupied one-half of the loop; but there was another moving slowly up the single line. When it got within a hundred yards, our engine gave a small shriek, and we began to move round to make way. They manage these things well in France. By the time we had reached the other half of the circle, the newly-come train had taken our place; and then off we went at a rattling pace by the route aforesaid, until we paused to let out passengers at Bourg-la-Reine.

'I wish that ugly, flat-nosed fellow in the carriage behind us would go too,' whispered I to Josephine.

'Do you think him so very ugly?' replied she in the same tone. He was one of the most ill-looking fellows I had ever seen—calicot all over. A hat, greasy and narrow-brimmed, set jauntily over his brow; a ragged beard; an unwashed face; no shirt-collar; a coat, that had never been respectable, buttoned closely over his breast. There is an inventory of characteristics, out of which I defy the most ideal painter to make anything worth a lady's second look.

'Do I think him ugly? I hope, Josephine, you don't think him handsome.'

That was not precisely what she meant; but really she saw no harm in the young man. Nor did I, that I could define; but—As I live, the individual has caught Madame Bernard's eye, and is nodding to her! 'You, Monsieur Auguste, who would have thought you were in Paris? Do join us.' 'Of course,' was the reply; and first came one leg, then another, with the body and head in sequence; so that before I could recover from my bewilderment, M. Auguste had squeezed himself in between Madame Bernard and a fat peasant, just opposite Josephine—had bowed three times to the whole party, even, audacious wretch! to me; and was in the midst of his exploits in the pin-line in the south of France. He was a commercial traveller, doing business in English pins, manufactured in the Faubourg St Antoine!

I felt savagely glad that I had accepted the economical proposal of Madame Bernard, and had taken only second-class places. True, in the first-class, we might not have met this free-and-easy M. Auguste; but—however, I tried to suppress the horrid reflection—this looked like a rendezvous.

Was I or the new-comer there as a *pis-aller*? Which was brought to excite the jealousy of the other? I ought not to have cared a rush; for when I first suspected the terrible intentions of my fair friends, it was only to keep up the national reputation won at Waterloo, that I did not take to my heels and fly. But ever since Josephine had tickled her nose in my whisker, I had become a new man. Was an electrical shock communicated? Philosophising on such a subject is nonsense; but the fact is, I felt mightily inclined to throw myself into a boxing attitude, and proceed in the work of flattening M. Auguste's proboscis, which nature had begun. I hate to see things left unfinished. Yes, I must have at him!

'Monsieur seems to be suffering from the toothache,' said Auguste blandly. 'I have a phial of chloroformed crocote in my pocket, if that would be of service.' If this had been satire, we should certainly have had a boxing-match; but the flat-nosed monster had a tender soul after all, and looked at me so sympathetically, that all my anger vanished. Besides, good little Josephine instantly pulled out a fine cambric handkerchief, and insisted on binding up my jaws. I vowed I had no toothache, merely a kind of spasm; but I could scarcely escape arriving at Sceaux like a man let loose from an hospital.

'It must be a headache,' said Josephine. 'If I were not so little, I would tell you to lean your head there.' She pointed to the pretty little shoulder that pressed against me, and of which I could just see a little bit, as her shawl was thrown back. This restored me to good-humour with myself and everybody; and I looked quite kindly at M. Auguste, who forthwith began to launch out into praises of the English, who, after the French he said, are certainly the first people on the face of the earth. We are the Aristides of nations: they all place us as only second best to themselves.

I have, after all, forgotten to describe the course of the railway, which runs up daringly to Fontenay-aux-Roses, and then zigzags along the side of the hill, through lanes of fruit-trees, until, by the most daring curves, it reaches the level of the Park of Sceaux, and ends in another loop, from which a train is of course starting just as we arrive. The reason why I don't stop to say more about the matter is, that I am in a rage again. It was my own fault certainly. Why was I so awkward? Out leaped Josephine; Auguste followed; then Madame Bernard majestically descended; lastly, I. It could not be expected that French gallantry would

leave a pretty girl even a quarter of a minute without the support of an arm; and I had no right to be indignant therefore, when, just as Madame Bernard claimed my protection, I saw the jaunty, greasy hat of the commercial traveller bending, as it moved away, in graceful courtesy towards the *natty* little straw-bonnet of Mademoiselle Josephine.

'Who is that fellow?' inquired I in a contemptuous tone.

'Monsieur Auguste Chicard is a young man who had excellent expectations once from his uncle, a wine-merchant of Bercy; but he behaved so badly, that he was turned out of doors, and the old gentleman will not hear his name mentioned. He is a sad rake—quite a devil among the ladies!'

'A rake! a devil! Madame, it is highly improper that your daughter should give her arm to a person of that character. I will go and separate them at once.'

'Bah!' said Madame Bernard: 'he won't eat her. Besides, they have been friends from children, and he used to call her his little wife. Indeed, until he misbehaved himself, and quarrelled with his uncle, people used to say they were betrothed; but of course there was no truth in that. Why do you walk so fast, sir? I really have not come to Sceaux to run a race. Puff! I feel very thirsty. My eyes are weak. Is it lemonade that is written on the glass in this shop-window?'

I understood the hint, and pressed the good lady to enter and refresh herself. This seemed a capital opportunity to run after the jaunty hat, which I could see a long way up the street; but Madame Bernard did not think it worth while—she could drink two glasses herself; and it would be economical to have only a single bottle. I was obliged to submit; and ordered a *petit verre* of brandy, which I tossed off for the sake of my nerves, imagining the while all sorts of horrid things with reference to the young couple who had gone on ahead.

We were at length under-way again, and on reaching the other end of the long street, found Josephine stuffing herself with cakes in a small pastry-cook's shop. She smiled at me with her pretty lips covered with crumbs, and held out a meat *pâté* for my acceptance. I put it scornfully back, muttering that I never ate such things—such trash, I think I said, for Madame Bernard bridled, taking this as a class allusion. M. Auguste was going to make some other offensive supposition about my health, for which I should certainly have knocked him down; but Josephine put her arm in mine, drew me into the street, and almost pressing her pretty cheek against my shoulder, murmured: '*Monstre!*'

How pleasant it is to be called a monster by a lovely woman! I was still trying, however, to suppress a smile of stupid satisfaction, when the still more meaning epithet of '*jalous*' was added. This admitted a great deal; and I could scarcely refrain from taking her up in my arms to embrace her. However, as this would have been uncivilised, I contented myself with squeezing her little hand convulsively—forgetting that it still contained a *petit pâté*—and dragging her on towards Robinson.

Robinson is a kind of restaurant of a romantic kind—so called, because its principal feature is a couple of open rooms, built in a large tree in Crusee style, and reached by winding steps. We had agreed to drink a bottle of wine there, and I foolishly entertained hopes of a *tête-à-tête*. On arriving, we found some 400 Parisian Cockneys established inside the house, outside the house, up in the tree, on the stairs leading to it—everywhere, in fact, where there was sitting room; and one continued roar of '*garçon*' filled the air. Josephine pouted at the disappointment—not perhaps for the loss of the *tête-à-tête*, but because she had set her heart upon ascending the tree.

'Then can't we positively go up?' inquired she of a waiter.

'Madame,' replied he, 'there are just ten aloft more than we calculate the tree can bear.'

Auguste and Madame Bernard came up in anxious conversation. What the deuce could he have to say? However, it mattered little. Josephine was abandoned to me. I ordered two bottles of good wine—that is, to be precise, of dear wine; we drank our own healths; and went off, with wonderful cheerfulness, to scramble through the fields and woods in search of an appetite. I wish that calicot would not drag Madame Bernard everywhere behind us: let us run. She had sprained her ankle. *Peste!* However, when we were alone for half a minute behind a hedge, I think I did manage to steal a kiss, and elicit an exclamation: '*Quel horreur!*' But this is not quite certain; for I was all that afternoon in a state of perplexing excitement, and will not swear that I did not absolutely make a formal declaration. Why did Josephine frown and look demure? Was I not brought there for that very purpose? Plague take her! Auguste has stifled her sentimentality with indigestible pasty and jam.

I should like to know why it was that Madame Bernard put on a reverential air towards me as we were returning towards Sceaux, and why Josephine talked in a very candid and enthusiastic manner of the politeness and tact of Englishmen. I am sure it could not have been to induce me to invite M. Auguste to dinner; for be it observed, that as I was the Amphytrion on this occasion, if the new-comer had been Voltaire or the emperor of China, the ladies would still consider themselves, for that day, as partially my property. At anyrate, they could not think of allowing a second cavalier to join us at table without my special permission. It is to be hoped, however, that they did not think me so churlish and so proud, as to leave this threadbare gentleman at the door when we entered the restaurant. I wish I had never seen his jaunty hat; but since it is there:—'Monsieur Auguste, will you do me the favour to dine with us?'—'Most proud!'—'Too happy!'—'Delightful *partie carrée!*' I was rewarded by a grateful glance from Josephine, who leaned, moreover, with redoubled weight upon my arm. We reached the appointed place, hungry as French soldiers after a forced march. The fare was not splendid, but there was plenty to eat. Madame Bernard devoured a whole fowl, and a mountain of salad; Josephine kept her mother in countenance; Flat-nose kindly recommended me, as I was delicate in health, to beware of indigestion, and despatched half a yard of loaf in no time. The wine disappeared so fast, that we looked under the bottles, to discover if there was no hole there. Never mind expense! Here comes the coffee, with the *petits verres!* The wit grew so brilliant, that I shall not attempt to record a word of it. What I principally remember is, that as time wore on, the gentle Josephine wanned her eyes a good deal from me, and despite what appeared to me a variety of nudges from her mamma, fixed them upon the flat-nosed Auguste. The idea struck me that this might be her first-love. I was, then, an impertinent intruder. They had angled for me certainly: it was my fault, though, if I bit so easily. Well, these mysteries will be cleared up to-morrow: if Josephine declines to let me crush her toes with my foot, I have the satisfaction of intercepting any telegraphic work of that kind from M. Auguste. This gentleman does not seem at all anxious or jealous. He smiles benignly at my gallantries—just as a gazelle might smile at the gambols of an elephant. Couldn't he eclipse me if he chose? He doesn't choose; but orders a bowl of punch: the blue light shines upon our happy faces, and it is now high time to go to the ball.

In a spirit of justice, Josephine still stuck to my arm all the way through the dim park, and even allowed

me to say many gallant and tender things. As they could not see from behind likewise, it was no matter if I encircled her waist with my arm for a moment—a moment, but what a delicious one! Flat-nose has no dominion, I am sure, over the heart that almost beats against mine. Be sure of nothing, sir! Josephine, like an honest girl, is paying for her day's treat, as you will expect such payment: but she doesn't think the better of you.

We are on the outskirts of the great lighted circle, in the midst of which the orchestra is striking up the first quadrille. Still my claim is admitted over Josephine. Off we go in that scampering dance, invented by students and grisettes, jumping, whirling, anticking, as if we were wire-hung. Madame Bernard is our *vis-à-vis* with the gallant Auguste. She rolls about like a Dutch galley in the trough of the sea, bursting into magnificent smiles. Her partner seems frantic: he jumps, he wriggles, he goes over head and heels. Every one crowds to see. Even the other couples stop. No clown in a pantomime could beat it. It is entrancingly absurd; but absurd it is, nevertheless, and I look at Josephine with a smile of contemptuous admiration.

'How well he dances!' cries she with enthusiasm. I was quite content to resign her to Flat-Nose for the next polka, waltz, quadrille, or whatever it was. That, dancing well! What did she call my graceful steps?

'I suppose,' quoth Madame Bernard complacently, as she fanned her reddened face with her handkerchief, 'that if you were often to come here, *mon cher*, you would learn to dance by degrees.'

They regarded me as an ignorant hippopotamus! Well, ideas of elegance differ; but if M. Auguste is elegant at this moment, when he is moving backward and forward, with his arm out like the spout of a teapot, I'm no more nor less than a Turk. Josephine, too! she is going to meet him head-foremost, as if she were about to leap into his waistcoat-pocket. She changes her mind, and almost imitates the lovette yonder, who makes a desperate kick at her lover's chin. Then they come together, and lovingly side towards us, her head almost leaning against his breast. By Jove! M. Auguste, she's a match for you. Take her!

'The fact is,' whispered Madame Bernard, chiming in with my thoughts, 'it is true that Auguste and Josephine were betrothed once; but I broke off matters when he misbehaved himself. Now, it appears, he is quite reformed, and has become a respectable character. He heard we were going to Sceaux, and threw himself in our way very neatly, to explain to me—that his uncle was reconciled to him, and had seen him yesterday. He is a very handsome young man, and dances like an angel; so that, perhaps, my child could not find a better husband. Old Petibot will set him up in business. Now, as you are a friend of the family, what is your opinion?'

'Did he tell you all this when Mademoiselle Josephine took my arm, and led me away from the pastry-cook's shop?'

'To be sure. Didn't she manage that cleverly?—First, an explanation herself; then an opportunity for me to have one. Of course, we have to thank you for lending yourself to all these arrangements so amiably.'

The punch had made the good lady talkative, without throwing her quite off her guard. I understood that, even had I been more deeply smitten than I was, there would have been no help for me. It was best, indeed, that it should be so. What should I have done with this little woman, who would have perhaps married me on the strength of my being a *milord*, and kept all her thoughts and dreams for Flat-nose? I took Madame Bernard's arm when we went towards the station, peaceably allowed Auguste to pay for the tickets,

answered the grateful glance of Josephine by a smile; and not very long afterwards, was invited to drink *au sacré* in the evening by Monsieur and Madame Auguste Chicard.

ART AND ITS INTERPRETERS.

Art, in the higher meaning of the term, is not susceptible of minute definition, for it is an immaterial soul animating the material existences of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. All these are art, although each is a distinct form of thought; and all these distinct forms of thought, identical in their inner being, have one origin and one end. They are the utterance of the leading idea of the epoch; they are the expression of spiritual power and spiritual yearning; they are the voice of humanity crying aloud to the heavens and the earth.

Of the five divine sisters—divine and mortal at once, like man himself—Poetry is the most familiar, and may be accepted as the type. Her utterance is in song, which she gives forth from inspiration—feeling without comprehending it. If it were otherwise, as a French writer remarks—if poetry comprehended her thought, she would no longer be poetry, but philosophy.* ‘Poets,’ in the words of Shelley, ‘are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire.’ And a philosophical critic of our own country completes the picture he admires, by representing the poet as standing at the altar, rapt, holy, impassioned, prophet-like, giving utterance to the inarticulate yearnings, feelings, and wants of his brethren, embodying their tendencies, mirroring all, and mirrored in all the age produces; and the myriad hopes and fears that sway the minds of men breaking forth from his lips in passionate music.† This is the poet as a class, for no one lyre could breathe such a strain, no one heart could feel the joys, the agonies, and the cravings of an epoch. It is true, on looking back we see only two or three gigantic representatives of any given time; but we must not conclude, from their manner brethren being invisible in the distance, that those stood alone. Not only the great but the minor poets, not only the minor poets, but the little more than rhymers, join their voices to complete the thought of the age; and each of these last is as necessary in his degree as is the weakest instrument in a concert to give the full choral swell. Even the mere echoes or imitators take a part in the mighty diapason, and contribute to spread the sound throughout the meanest and remotest corners of social life.

That poetry is really the collective breath of the age, is proved by the gushes in which it comes, the lulls that take place, and the consonance its spirit bears with the leading idea of the time. The fourteenth century, the age of Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio, had only one exponent of note in England; but in Chaucer we find the freshness, vigour, and exultation of that false dawn, when the hearts of men gave a mighty leap, as if the sun had really risen. In England, as in Italy, the brief but glorious illumination died with the poets. Dante passed away, after having

founded the Italian language; Chaucer followed, after having unsealed the fountain of ‘English undefiled’ that was destined to irrigate the world; and until the true dawn, in the sixteenth century, we have, in our own country, only such lute-singers as Surrey and Wyatt. But at length came the strong age of Elizabeth, when religion, having bounded from the fetters of ages with a cry that shook the world, broke the apathetic sleep of genius. Then arose Marlow, Spenser, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, to fling their hymns upon the buoyant winds. Later, the time of the Commonwealth and its succeeding disasters called up Milton, Butler, Dryden; till in the eighteenth century—pacific, reflective, analytical—the fire sunk to a lambent flame, playing in the smooth and elegant couplets of the school of Pope. In the latter part of the century, the world-revolution, which had its centre in France, gave a new phasis to the poetical thought; and among the names of our own country, in the age of progress, freedom, moral daring, that followed, are Crabbe, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, till we come down to living and working men.

These names will suggest the objection, that in an age there are many prominent ideas; and the fact is true. There are even opposite and conflicting ideas; yet all combine to express, although in different strains, the dominant character or thought of the epoch, of which in general one great poet—the greatest of all—is the representative. Thus stood Shakspeare, with his galaxy around him, at a time when the imagination was no longer cooped up in formulas, but set free to soar and sing; thus Milton, not the political or religious champion of his age, but the poet of the mind-revolution, to complete the conflict of which the others we have named were necessary; and thus Pope, relatively great, but with a genius like that of his epoch, more critical than poetical, more given to analysis than creation. In the age that followed, of a new and more maddening liberty, when all the old forms of thought had been broken in pieces, and cast away with wild shouts of derision, it is more difficult to point to the single representative; partly because we are too close to the time, and partly because of the various directions of the impulse of intellectual freedom. It is this general connection of the poets with their epoch which made Hegel say, that the key to the philosophy and religion of a nation is to be found in its poetry.

The unconsciousness we have ascribed to art of its own meaning and mission, must not be stated as a mere assertion, for much depends on its reception as a truth. The most acute minds have been deceived on this point; and even those who have admitted the fact in its whole extent, have in general been blind to its importance. There is something grateful to human vanity in the idea that genius is an optional production of the mind—that the spirit of art may be compelled to our service by the enchantments of knowledge. We love to figure the poet as sitting in his study, surrounded by books and other literary implements, like a chemist in his laboratory, and concocting a great work by dint of will and science. But there is no such thing. The knowledge and industry of the poet work only upon the vehicle of his art: the art itself is what the ancients called ‘the god,’ who works in him. The common mistake is caused by unconsciousness of the fact, that poetry is both an art and a science. We are told, for instance, of the labour and study of poets—of the teachers of the Greek masters—of the mathematical rules of Pythagoras: but how is it that no instructor was ever able to apply his own principles? We do not hear of the poems of Lasos, the master of Pindar, or of the artistic achievements of Democritus, the author of a series of treatises which are said to have formed quite an encyclopædia of art. Neither are we told of Plato, Aristotle, or Longinus, taking rank among the poets. The reason is, that with

* Joffroy on the Philosophy of History.

† British and Foreign Review, No. xxv. Hegel's *Æsthetics*.

them the god was wanting, and they could only advise in the construction of his temple. This they knew themselves; and Plato and Democritus, more especially, while teaching the material rules, derided the idea that these could produce poetry. Poetry, said they, is a madness—a possession: poets do not compose from any art they have learned, but from the impulse of the divinity within them.

The mathematical rules of Greek sculpture, the clue to which, after an interval of so many ages, has been discovered by Mr Hay, furnish in themselves proof that art cannot be taught. Perfect as they are, they produce only a perfect body, a body without life and without soul—such a form as Pygmalion might have worshipped in vain, unless aided by the goddess of beauty. The rules are necessary for the material vehicle, but the inspiration of art alone can do the rest. The same thing may be said of imitation without the aid of mathematical rules. A portrait-painter, for instance, who produces a mere likeness, is not an artist in the higher sense of the word. The work, to use the vulgar phrase, should be *more like than the original*—that is, the idiosyncrasy should be more strongly expressed than it is in the living man in ordinary circumstances. The artisan paints the *sitter*: the artist seizes the character with a glance of fire, and endows every wearied and apathetic feature with intellect and grace. This is the idealism of the Greeks, that apotheosis of mortal beauty which gave divinities to the worship of men; and being independent of all exaggerations of attitude, it is usually seen in their sculptures in combination with physical repose.

There is another handmaid of genius we may mention here; for while writing these sentences, the Reports of the Jurors of the Great Exhibition have come before us; and we are struck with the correctness of the remarks of the reporter on Class X., touching the effect of photography on art. It is admitted that the present application of photography, marvellous as that is, is no more its ultimatum 'than was the first application of the telescope, shortly after the chance placing of two pieces of glass by Jansen's children, had led to its invention;' and that it now appears, at first view, as if a vast and powerful rival to art had arisen, destined to depress her in exact proportion to the superiority of the operations of nature over those of man. 'But this,' says the reporter, 'is a superficial and imperfect view of the case—not, as regards the ultimate perfection of photography itself, but as concerning its influence upon art. With art, doubtless, its future destiny will be closely linked; but, so far from becoming a rival, it will prove a most useful auxiliary, and a means by which the artist of merit may rise higher in reputation and eminence. By using photography as a means of replacing the purely mechanical parts of his labour, the work of the artist may be much lightened; and as, by speedy transit from place to place man's life is virtually lengthened, so by relieving his path from that part of his labour which involves an expenditure of time disproportionate to the end attained, one great obstacle to the achievement of success is removed.' This is the true statement of the case; for photography is simple imitation, though marvellously correct, and can come into competition only with the copyist uninspired by art. Photography is a transcript of individual nature; while the mathematical process gives that of general nature, averaged on principles of beauty that have been practically sanctioned by the world. The union of the two—admit modo dexter Apollo—will give its death-blow to mediocrity, and open out for true art a career hitherto without example even in the palmy days of Greece.

If poetry were not spontaneous and unconscious, there would have been no Homer of the ancient world, in modern times no Burns, and in all ages no gushes of song, such as exist in the popular ballads, welling up

in obscure and solitary places like mountain springs. But we deny that this is a theory, as the reviewer we have quoted above describes it, 'invented by idleness and conceit.' The life-long labours of the elder poets, when criticism had no philosophy and art no theory, shew what a mighty task it is to adapt worthily the vehicle to the thought. Art, as we have described it, exists wherever exists the idea of beauty; but poetry—the metrical expression of art—is a science that must be either invented or acquired by study.

The reason why poets are unconscious of their art, is simply that to be conscious requires faculties of a different nature from theirs. Let us see what those faculties are. When a man is not satisfied with deriving enjoyment from poetry; when in listening he does not merely feel, but think; when he examines numerous specimens in juxtaposition, and constructs from such experience rules for judging of their relative merit and power—he is said to be a Critic. Criticism is purely empirical, being founded on the observation of individual facts; and for the most part it concerns itself more with the vehicle than the art. It may perhaps object to an image or sentiment as being inconsistent with the work or class of works in which it appears; but beyond this it has no range. The twelve years spent by Ariosto in elaborating his *Orlando* were given up to the advice of such critics; and down to our own time the same advice, with few exceptions, has waited upon each successive generation of poets. Till the present century, the laws of the critics were like those of the Medes and Persians. Ignorant of the epochal character of poetry—the relation it bears primarily to its own age—they fixed upon certain 'classics,' as exemplars for all time, and decided upon the merit of authors according to the proximity of their approach to Homer or Virgil. The Chinese do the same thing to this day, their own classics forming the grand literary criterion. Our readers perhaps remember the anecdote we related on a former occasion of the Chinese emperor who returned a copy of the New Testament that had been sent to him, with the crushing remark, 'that it was not classical;' but perhaps it does not occur to them, that this was precisely the language of European criticism. Criticism, in this low position, does not respect, because it does not feel, the holiness of poetry. It listens to the manifold sound that fills the air without comprehending its meaning. The leading voices it applauds, but for qualities that are merely superficial; and the subordinate it vituperates, because it does not know that, however weak in themselves, they are, like the others, an unconscious expression of the thought with which the mighty bosom of the age is heaving. Ridicule and sarcasm are the weapons of such science, and personal and political antipathies give them point and poison. All these frivolities and irrelevancies of criticism are owing to the want of a high enough appreciation of the science.

The same age, however, which, without ceasing to admire the ancients, has to some extent thrown off the classical yoke, has begun to discover that criticism, as it exists at present, is not the Interpreter of art. A merely empirical science does not satisfy the mind of the time; there must be some *a priori* theory to govern it, some fixed principles from which it may be deduced. A word has been invented to signify the thing desired, and a word not remarkably apposite; for *Æsthetics*, instead of meaning the 'philosophy of art,' merely hints at the emotional nature of art—that is, a nature which addresses the feelings, not the intellect. *Æsthetics* was first used by Baumgarten to designate 'the doctrine of emotions;' but since then, its sphere has been greatly extended by his countrymen.

Æsthetics is the philosophy of art, the general theory on which the canons of criticism ought to be founded. The difference between the two is obvious. When an image or sentiment is objected to, as we have

said, on account of its not being in harmony with the work or class of works in which it appears—this is criticism; when it is objected to on account of its not being in harmony with the feeling which it is the end of art to excite—this is aesthetics. Aesthetics has been well said to be to criticism what physiology is to medicine: it is the physiology of art. Aesthetics deals specially with the philosophical idea, criticism specially with the forms and symbols. When art speaks, criticism notes the language, and the fitness and sequence of the thoughts; aesthetics ascertains the purpose, comprehends the idea, and in comprehending, teaches. It teaches the poet the philosophical nature of his own conceptions; and it teaches the age the nature of art as it did, does, and will exist. When criticism becomes philosophical, it partakes of the nature of aesthetics, and in such cases the two names are commonly, but erroneously, confounded. Aesthetics is the theory; and philosophical criticism the application of that theory to the beautiful in art.

In this country, philosophical criticism, in the rare instances in which it occurs, is the expression of individual opinion, for we have no science to serve as the ultimate criterion; but in Germany, the case is different, although without as yet, we suspect, any directly advantageous result. Aesthetics has there resolved itself into shape—although a shape bearing some moral resemblance to that of Milton's Death:

If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either.

Hegel is the chief organ of this misty school; and the critic we have quoted endeavours to convey a notion of his great work, *Ästhetik*, in a single paragraph. The substance of this is, that the Idea, or germ, manifests itself subjectively as reason, and objectively as the universe. The Idea, therefore, is the totality of mind and matter, in its unique conception; but when conceived under the form of thought, it is truth, and when under the form of external nature, beauty. 'Thus Beauty is spirit contemplating the spiritual as an object; Art is the absolute (the Idea) incarnate in the beautiful.' The first part of the work is devoted to the examination of this germ; in the second part, its development is traced in its separate forms, such as the symbol, allegory, &c., the classical, ideal, and romantic ideal; and in the third part, we have the flower under review, or, in other words, the fine arts in their separate existences.

Now it is manifest, that a science laid down in this way, however consonant to the German mind, is quite repellant to the form of thought existing in our country; and the consequence is, that notwithstanding the labours of our Teutonic brethren, aesthetics is popularly known among us merely as some principle of taste applying chiefly to painting and sculpture. In France, the case is different. There the Hegelian germ, although no more understood than with us, has so far fructified, that the literary mind has awakened to a faith in the existence of some eternal law, and the canons of criticism have acquired a higher and nobler, and therefore a truer range. But we cannot help thinking, that when the subject is once fairly taken up among us, the practical nature of the Anglo-Saxon genius will do much for its advancement. We shall not be so ready as the Germans to forget the purely emotional nature of art, and shall thus avoid entangling ourselves in the endless mazes of metaphysics.

To speculate in pages like ours on the form the science will take, is out of the question: we can only refer to the subject in general terms, as one that is now rousing the literary mind throughout Europe, and exciting the curiosity of thinking persons of all classes. This is an age when tradition and prescription are no

longer sacred things—when men will no longer listen to teachers who are unable to give a reason for the faith that is in them. We demand to know *why* we are to accept a given thing as beauty—*how* one man's taste is not as lawful as another's—and *what* we are to look to as the ultimatum in questions of art. The answer to these demands will embrace a complete, and above all, a distinct and intelligible explanation of the nature of art, taste, and beauty. When we understand what art is—that inner principle of all the scientific expressions of beauty, many vexed questions will be set aside—such as, What is poetry?—poetry being simply the metrical expression of art; and so of sculpture, music, and the other expressions. Taste will probably be set down as the sense of beauty, intuitive in its germ, but as capable of cultivation and refinement as it is of perversion. Beauty, philosophically considered, is truth; and the feeling of delight it conveys is the response of the mind to an impression in harmony with its own constitution. Subjectively, beauty exists in the mind itself, as is proved by this sympathetic response; objectively, it exists in sound, form, colour, taste, smell—everything which addresses itself to the external senses. The law of beauty as regards sound has been discovered in the natural scale of the monochord, and music has thus become at the same time a fine art and a mathematical science. The same law, with different modifications, will probably be traced, not only in form and colour, but throughout all the other manifestations of beauty: an idea which can be derided as fanciful only by those who are unobservant of the simplicity of the means by which Nature attains her manifold ends. To follow and illustrate the steps of the universal Mother, is the province of aesthetics, while metaphysics concerns itself with the theory of the law itself—digging, as it were, into the foundation on which aesthetics stands, for the purpose of ascertaining its structure.

Some speculators suppose, that deformity being truth, deformity is likewise philosophically beauty. But not to mention the absence of the response of the mind, so far from deformity being truth, it is 'a jarring and a dissonant thing,' which nature in her upward progress will perhaps ultimately surmount. As for the argument, that the portraits of Iago and Shylock are as beautiful as those of Ophelia and Juliet, it confounds two things that are essentially distinct. The spectacle of moral deformity presented does not in itself inspire us with love and delight; but we are filled with admiration by the evidence of an artistic skill so beautiful and harmonious. It should be observed, likewise, that no picture of moral deformity could have any effect upon our imagination, unless it came to us conjunctively and in strong contrast—either suggested by the artist, or existing in our own minds—with the opposite virtue, or, in other words, with one of the manifestations of beauty. All such questions, so long the subject of fruitless debate, will be reasoned in connection with each other, and their solutions proved by their consonance as part and parcel of the new science.

It has been said that aesthetics, by interpreting the apocalypse of poetry, will improve the poet; but if a direct improvement is meant, we cannot admit the fact. Poets, however, are the children of the epoch in which they live; and anything which elevates the character of that epoch must have an indirect action upon them. In themselves individually, as regards art in contradistinction to its vehicle, they are untought and unteachable. There is no note of triumph for things accomplished, or for an accomplishment they believe to be possible, but rather the striving and panting of a 'fond despair,' a spiritual struggle for the blessing of that angel Beauty whom they never perfectly grasp. It is for this reason that there is usually a kind of lofty sadness even in their sweetest music; a music,

however, which—'yearning,' to use the fine image of Keats, 'like a god in pain'—while filling our eyes with tears, turns melancholy to rapture. In elevating criticism, therefore, by giving it a theory of the inner feeling of art, we propose to enlighten and refine the age itself; we propose to banish from the literary judgment-seat not only everything that tends to error, but everything mean, vulgar, and ungenerous; we propose to introduce the pilgrim, man, to a more loving and edifying intimacy with those divine sisters whom Providence has assigned to him as the companions of his heavenward journey.

ANGLO-FRENCH IN JERSEY.

In a former number of this Journal,* a brief sketch was given of the island of Jersey, illustrating some of the principal features of that beautiful isle. It may not be uninteresting to notice a few matters which have undergone some change in the interval between 1844 and 1852, and especially to draw attention to the peculiar mixture of English and French in the language, usages, and commerce of the island.

Most English readers are aware that Jersey, as one of the Channel Islands, is situated in the deeply-set bay between Normandy and Brittany, having the former on the east, the latter on the south, and the English Channel on the other sides. It is true that the departments of Manche and Côtes-du-Nord occupy the greater portion of the coast; but France is better known to English readers by the names of the ancient provinces, than by those of the modern departments. Jersey and Alderney approach very near the French coast, but Guernsey and Sark lie somewhat further out at sea; while islets and rocks lie around in such innumerable numbers, as to afford good ground for conjecture, that they all at some remote period joined the mainland of France.

If a tourist, in answer to the question: 'Whither to go?' should decide on Jersey, the further question: 'How to get there?' is easily answered. The access to Jersey and its sister islands is now convenient and very cheap. The South-Western Railway Company, and the steam-vessels connected with it, afford facilities of a tempting character; for, after fixing on a reasonable tariff for the outward journey, an addition of only 5s. will procure a double ticket instead of a single—that is, one which will be available for the return-journey. The powers of this ticket remain open for a whole month, so that the tourist has a wide margin in regulating his movements; and he may, in addition, 'break journey' at Southampton, if he so please. The mail-steamers start at midnight, after the arrival of the last train from London—reach Guernsey by breakfast-time, and Jersey before noon. There is also a 'cargo-steamer' from Southampton, not in such favour with those who love high speed. The Brighton Railway Company, who have made many attempts to keep pace with their neighbours in Channel transit, have Jersey steamers at still lower fares than those from Southampton. Indeed, when the placards stare one in the face—'Jersey and back for 12s. 6d.,' one marvels how there can be profit for either rail or steamers; but it is well to bear in mind, that this Newhaven route is some fifteen or twenty hours long, and that the 12s. 6d. accommodation includes no cabin either fore or aft. Another route, the shortest of all, is from Plymouth and Torquay to Guernsey and Jersey, once a week—convenient for the west of England and for Ireland, but not for Londoners. There is also an occasional steamer from London to Jersey; but he must have a rare longing for the sea, who would choose this route.

The local steaming between the islands is of course more humble in its character. There is a transit to

and fro, at regular intervals, between Jersey and two points on the French coast—Granville and St Malo; the former giving access to Normandy, and the latter to Brittany. There is no regular steam-transit between Jersey or Guernsey and the smaller islands; the intercourse is too slight to render necessary anything further than occasional sailing-boats. In the height of the season, however, pleasure-trips take place from island to island—from Jersey and Guernsey to the little island of Sark, and back the same day; or from Jersey to the more distant island of Alderney, the land of milch cows. There has been an Alderney trip during the present summer, the advertisement relating to which gives us a curious insight into the non-railway position, so to speak, of these islands. There are government harbour-works now going on at Alderney, in which tram-ways and locomotives are employed; and the Jerseyans were reminded, that 'those who have never seen a railway, may now have an opportunity of visiting one, and of actually seeing a locomotive running, which is alone worth the expense of the trip.' Those who have 'never seen a railway' comprise a vast majority of the islanders; for not only are there no railways in Jersey, but the neighbouring French coast happens to be far out of the railway net-work. There was a 'Jersey Railway' planned a few years ago, but the project fell to the ground.

On fairly getting into Jersey, and glancing over the newspapers, we find the Anglo-French combination at once apparent. Some of them are in English, the rest in French; some are as large as a single sheet of the *Times*; some are smaller; some are 2d. each, others 1½d., for none of them have to bear the expense of a stamp. Like most English country papers, they are filled with local advertisements and local chit-chat, but with very little reference to general or world-wide topics; indeed, the French papers of the island are woefully deficient in this last item. Truth to tell, the Jerseyans seem to care little about what is passing beyond their own island, always excepting the Great Exhibition of 1851.

If we step into the Cour Royale, the Westminster Hall of Jersey, we become Frenchified at once, for the law proceedings are in that language. Trial by jury does not exist in Jersey, and the proceedings in the court have much of the dulness and slowness of our equity courts. Indeed, the reformers of Jersey—for there are not only rival parties, but very fierce rivals truly—are at present making a resolute effort to introduce a few additional English usages into their law proceedings.

The dusky little legislative hall stands over the dusky little court of justice, and the proceedings are, in like manner, in French. 'Mr Speaker,' the bailiff, is no bewigged or begowned personage, but a plain, honest, English-looking gentleman, who keeps his parliament of thirty-six members in the best order he can. They sit in a circle, or rather in a horseshoe, and talk their French with great volubility, sitting while they speak, unless their energy can find vent only by a stand-up delivery. More polite than English members, there are no hats on during the sitting. When a vote is to be taken, Mr Speaker addresses every member in turn, asking for his decision—which is given either by simple assent or dissent, or may be accompanied by observations. These decisions are more authoritative than those of our House of Commons, for there is no 'upper house.' In the little gallery of this hall of the legislature, the Jerseyans—most of whom know something of French, whether they speak it or not—may listen to what is going on.

But it is at a public meeting that Anglo-French is more curiously observable. There has, for instance, lately been held a meeting, to 'agitate' for the appointment of a justice of the peace and a Court of Requests, somewhat analogous to those in England; and the

* No. 12, New Series, p. 177.

island has been placarded with advertisements relating to it, some in one language, and some in the other. The French placards exhorted the islanders: 'No signez rien. Ne promettez rien. Mais soyez à votre poste;' and the English bills were not less urgent. At the meeting itself, the chairman spoke in French, while the rest spoke, some in French, and some in English; but all seemed to understand each other pretty well. The popular language—the applauding and disapproving language—was mostly English, and in energy would not have disgraced Exeter Hall or the London Tavern. It is pleasant to find that these party differences, although expressed in two different languages, are not national; there is no English party or French party; the *Rose* and the *Laurel* are the designations of the two opposing factions—perhaps the Tories and the Whigs of Jerseyland—but each faction contains English as well as French. So intense is the party-spirit, that almost every village on the island has its *Rose* hostelry and its *Laurel* hostelry—that is, not houses with those signs, but houses used almost exclusively by one or other party. As for the signs themselves, nothing can be more loyal and royal; for since the Queen's visit to Jersey in 1846, the 'British Queen,' and the 'Queen Victoria,' and the 'Victoria and Albert,' and the 'Royal Arms,' meet one on all sides. In some of the quiet little nooks of the island, it is not an impossible thing to meet with a 'Queen's Hotel,' in the front-room of which the lady of the house may be seen washing her noble lord's stockings, while the heir and heiresses are running about jabbering a French patois that would be little understood in Paris.

An English visitor speedily finds that the 'currency question' is one which must engage his attention in Jersey—not the English question: 'What is a pound?' but the Jersey question: 'What is a shilling?' Whether the present coinage of the island derived its character from early French usages, we do not know; but at the present time, thirteen Jersey pence equal one English shilling. The copper coins have the Queen's head stamped on one side; while on the other, besides the arms of Jersey, there is an inscription to denote that the coin is $\frac{1}{12}$, $\frac{1}{6}$, or $\frac{1}{3}$ of a shilling, according as it is a penny, a half-penny, or a farthing. English copper becomes mingled with Jersey copper, and both circulate as of equal value; but when change has to be given, a curious complexity arises. The traders are accustomed to allow a half-penny in a 6d. for 'currency.' There are threepenny-omnibuses on the fine road around the bay from St Helier to St Aubyn—one of the most glorious routes which it was ever the good-luck of an omnibus to follow. If you pay in copper, you pay 3d.; but if you tender a silver sixpence, you receive 3½d. in change; and as 3d. from this would pay for the next journey, you are the gainer of a half-penny by having tendered 6d. originally. If two Englishmen were to take over, the one 240 pence, and the other 20 shillings or 40 sixpences, it would be found that in small purchases the silver-holder would make better bargains than his companion. The Guernsey copper-money differs slightly from that of Jersey, being intermediate between it and English currency; but all three circulate on equal terms. In newspaper advertisements, and in shop-window tickets, it is often observable that an odd half-penny makes its appearance; this indicates that Jersey currency is meant. If an article is marked 6½d., and you tender a silver sixpence, this suffices. On the other hand, if English currency be meant, it is customary to say (*British*) after the charge. Thus Dr Wolff, who has been lately lecturing in Jersey, charged '1s. back seats, 2s. reserved seats (*British*).' French money circulates almost as readily as that of Jersey, Guernsey, and England; and indeed in Guernsey, although French is less spoken than in the sister island, it is not at all unusual to charge in francs and half-francs. The Guernsey theatre, for instance, charges in

francs, whereas the Jersey theatre charges in British currency. Sometimes an English purchaser is driven to his arithmetic to understand the change given to him. Thus, to take an actual instance: a sixpenny Jersey almanac was purchased of a bookseller, and a half-sovereign tendered. The change given consisted of two French five-franc pieces, a British shilling and sixpence, and two Jersey pence. Although the five-franc piece is valued at 4s. 4d. in Jersey currency, it is only 3s. 11d. in British, and the pence were thrown in to make up the right amount. All very clear to a Jerseyman, but puzzling enough to an English visitor.

The market-people of Jersey are more Anglo-French than the currency. Not only do French traders come to and from Granville and St Malo, but there are many resident in Jersey who live on frugally, with the hope of one day being able to buy a bit of land in their own dear France. The French market at St Helier on a Saturday is an interesting spot. Here the Normandy cap and the Brittany cap of the women are seen in all their cleanliness and quaintness. The stalls are abundantly supplied with fruit, vegetables, and other commodities; and the women who sit beside them occupy every spare moment in knitting. Indeed, we may say that knitting is the great and universal female employment for spare moments in Jersey. The poor woman knits stockings for sale; the mother knits stockings for her family; while the lady knits stockings to give away; the itinerant dealer knits as she walks along; and the market-woman knits at her stall. Some of the market-women may be seen reading the *Chronique de Jersey* occasionally; but this is an exception. It is in the market that we best see how familiar both languages are to the Jerseyans; for a market-woman will address one customer in French and the next in English, although it may be that her stock of English is limited within a marketing range. These women, poor as they may be, always manage to be neat, and even something more on Sundays. At the French Catholic chapel in St Helier, on a Sunday afternoon, their appearance—in their jaunty white caps, their gold earrings, and their scrupulously tidy dresses—is not a little surprising to persons accustomed to the appearance of English market-women. They will live on the homeliest and scantiest fare at all times; but they will not be slatterns on Sundays; indeed, they are not slatterns at any time.

In the rural districts, English is much less spoken than at St Helier. At all the small inns and alehouses there is some one who can use it, but frequently there is only one. In many cases, the parents make a point of causing one of their children to learn English; and a curly-headed boy may thus be the interpreter for his family in their intercourse with such English as they may encounter. One of the castles—the show-places of the island—was lately tended by a woman who spoke French, but some of whose children also spoke English; while the present attendant is an Englishwoman, whose family speak no French. The accommodation to visitors is in this latter case so much diminished, that a young urchin is about to be Frenchified accordingly, to fit him to act as cicerone to French visitors. Many of the fishermen round the coast can speak no English, and in such case the fishwomen or dealers jabber in French while purchasing from these men, but understand English well enough for marketing purposes inland. Let us take the beautiful little bay of Bonne Nuit as the scene of such a fish-sale. The vessel is hauled up on the beach, the fish are thrown out, and carried high and dry to a shingly spot somewhat higher up, where a few market-people are assembled. The fish are conger-eels, for which Jersey is famous; a pair of scales is suspended from the bow of an old fishing-boat drawn up on shore, and the weights are pebble-stones, with iron rings inserted in them. Each conger is weighed singly, and the weight

—twenty, twenty-five, or even thirty pounds—is cut with a knife, in Roman numerals, near the tail of each fish. When all the weighing is completed, a busy process of arithmetic ensues: all the weights are added up, and the total weight ascertained. This determines the price to be paid at 1½d. per pound; the congers are transferred to small carts, which small Jersey horses bravely pull up the steep path from the bay to the main road. The whole transaction is conducted in French; but some among the buyers can enlighten an English visitor, whose stock of French happens to be small.

The *offices*, or notices stuck up at the church-gates, afford another example of the singular mixture of languages. There are twelve parishes in Jersey, and twelve very old churches, all bearing a remarkable family resemblance. By the side of the entrance-gate is usually a poor-box (there are no poor-laws in Jersey); and the exhortation to remember the poor is inscribed both in English and in French. Near the poor-box is a recess, railed off in front, for the reception of notices and advertisements relating to local affairs; and these are mostly in French. A farmer has lost his cow, and this church-gate recess contains a notice of his loss; a man is at loggerheads with his wife, and advises all people not to trust her; another has forgotten to pay his debts, and is reminded of his forgetfulness; and so forth. The parson gives a tithe-notice to his parishioners in such form as the following:—‘*Le recteur de cette paroisse fait savoir à tous ceux qui lui sont redevables de dixième de grain pour l'année courant, de vouloir bien de prévenir au presbytère 24 heures à moins avant de charner ou transporter.*’

Even the commercial papers relating to the duty-free shipment of Jersey produce are some in French, and some in English. Jersey is particularly favoured in respect to customs arrangements: all foreign produce may enter the island duty-free, and all Jersey produce may leave the island duty-free; Jersey French newspapers, although unstamped, and selling for 1½d., pass free by post into England; and French goods are often in small quantity brought duty-free into England, *via* Jersey, by a little stretching of the law. All that Jersey has to spare for other countries, is garden produce and cattle; and the shipper of any such commodities has to fill up a blank-form before being allowed to do so. Now these blank-forms, which are purchasable at 1d. or 1½d. each, are in English for garden produce, and in French for cattle—a difference, the ground for which we are at a loss to explain. The form for garden produce runs as follows:—‘Before a magistrate of the Royal Court of this island, personally appeared _____, of the parish of _____, in this island, who declared that does ship on board of the _____, the growth and produce of _____ own land, in the said island; which said _____ to pass custom-free, by virtue of his majesty's grant contained in the charter of the privileges of this island. Declared before me,’ &c. Whereas the blank-form for cattle, drawn up in the same general style, but having blank spaces for the colours and the age of the animals, is in French. Whether it is that most of the gardeners are English, and most of the graziers French, we do not know, but no other explanation of this curious diversity suggests itself.

The ministers of religion, like persons in humbler station, have to accommodate themselves to the requirements of the two languages. For the most part, the services in the parish churches of Jersey are performed in French; but it is not unusual to have an English service once on the Sunday. The rector of St Helier parish himself preaches in both languages at different times on the Sunday—in French in the morning, and in English in the afternoon or evening.

If we make a descent in rank, and transfer our attention from the rector to the town-crier, we find that even here the double language of the island makes itself apparent. The fat little man, conscious of his own dignity, rings his bell to summon an audience, and then announces in French the important news, that Messrs _____ have just imported a large and valuable collection of merchandise, which they are prepared to sell at prices very advantageous to the purchaser: he then repeats the same narrative in English, rings his bell again, and dismisses his audience. His French and his English are both fringed with a slight patois, but both are good enough for the purpose in view.

In many of the minor trading arrangements of the island, both languages are used together, so as to meet the necessities of all whom they may concern. Thus, near the markets is a weigh-house, where any of the market-people may have the more bulky commodities weighed; the superscription in the outside of the building is ‘Public Weights—Poids Publiques.’ Many of the shop-windows and parlour-windows have announcements, ‘Rooms to let—Appartements à louer.’ In short, the Anglo-French of Jersey is one of the most remarkable features of that beautiful island.

MAGAZINES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

There is, perhaps, no better way of acquiring a clear idea of the great changes which have taken place in society and literature within the last sixty years, than by looking over a few volumes of old magazines published prior to that date. Neither the books nor the newspapers of the last century convey so correct an impression of these changes, as that which may be gained from the monthly periodicals. We are so familiar with the works of Addison, Swift, Johnson, and Goldsmith, that we overlook in them many of the peculiar traits which distinguish their age. The newspapers of that period, on the other hand, are extremely meagre and jejune affairs: if they remind us of the progress which has been made since their day, it is rather by what they do not contain, than by the actual information they afford. But the magazines were what the newspapers are in our time, and something more. They give us at once the news, politics, literature, and science of the day, or rather of the month. In glancing over them, we are transported back to that bygone epoch—we catch the ideas, and discern the character and tendency of the time—we learn not merely the history of passing events, but how those events affected the minds of persons who witnessed them and shared in them. When we read, in a modern work, a narrative of Lord Chatham's administration, or of the American war, or the Gordon riots, we may get all the material facts in each case, but we read them by the light of the present day, which we feel to be in one respect a false light. If we would learn how the occurrences were viewed at the time, and how they coloured and shaped the public opinion of the day, and in their turn took colour and shape from this opinion, we must have recourse to the contemporary magazines.

But without referring at present to any particular series of events, a great deal may be learned from a general inspection of the periodicals themselves, their number, price, style, and the nature of their contents. Here, for example, are eight or ten different magazines published about the same time, between the years 1780 and 1785. There are the *Westminster*, the *European*, the *London*, the *British*, the *Political*, the *Universal*, the *Town and Country*, the *Gentleman's*, the *Lady's*, and the *New Lady's Magazines*; and several others existed, of which we have no specimens at hand. As the reading-public of that day was very small when compared with the same public in our time, this affluence of periodicals is at first sight rather surprising; and our

surprise is not diminished on remarking the low price at which they were sold, and the care evidently bestowed upon what may be termed the decorative portion of most of them. Here, for example, is the *European Magazine* for September 1782, 'price one shilling'; it contains eighty pages in octavo, and is, as the title-page states, 'embellished with the following elegant engravings:—A striking likeness of Lieutenant-general Eliott, drawn by Miller, from an original painting in the possession of Mrs Fuller; a large quarto perspective view of the Castle and Bay of Gibraltar, and the English fleet relieving the garrison in 1781; a view of the diving-bell and machinery used in the case of the Royal George; and four pages of music.' Two of the engravings are in copper-plate, executed in the best style of the art, as it existed at that period. No monthly periodical of the present day would give so large a quantity of letter-press, with so many and such good illustrations, for the same price. Yet this is not the cheapest of the old periodicals. The *New Lady's Magazine* for June 1786, 'price only sixpence'—we quote the emphatic announcement of the title-page—contains sixty-six pages of print, and is 'embellished with, first, a fine portrait and striking likeness of Princess Amelia, engraved by Page; secondly, a representation of Mrs Inchbald, as Lady Abbess, in the *Comedy of Errors*, engraved by Wooding; thirdly, a striking likeness of Mrs Wells, in the character of Jane Shore, engraved by Wooding; fourthly, a new fancy-pattern for working an apron, &c., &c., drawn by a capital artist; fifthly, two cuts, representing the disposition of a table of two courses for the month of July, adapted to the *Lady's Assistant in the whole Art of Cookery*; and sixthly, *The Charms of Summer*, a new song, set to music by Mr Hook.' Here, it will be seen, is, in fact, an illustrated monthly newspaper (for the magazine contains the usual summary of current intelligence), for the price at which a weekly paper of the present day is sold.

This last sentence conveys probably the true explanation both of the singular cheapness and the remarkable number of these monthly periodicals of the last century. They supplied, in a great measure, to the people of that day, the place both of the magazines and the weekly papers, political as well as literary, of our time; in some degree, indeed, they trenched upon the province of our daily papers. The magazines, it is well known, were the first to give reports of parliamentary debates, and a good deal of other highly interesting news appeared originally in their pages. In every magazine, without exception, a considerable part of each number was devoted to the current intelligence of the past month—not a political commentary, such as is given by certain monthly periodicals at present, but a regular digest of home and foreign news, very much in the style usual in our weekly papers. In fact, readers in that era of slow coaches and uncertain packets, were content to receive their news once a month; while the duldest of us, in these railway and steam-ship times, must know what is going on in the world at least as often as once a week. Thus we see how it happened, that although the number of readers at that time was comparatively small, yet, as the magazines had, so to speak, almost a monopoly of the literary market, they may have had a larger circulation than that of the ordinary monthly periodicals of our day, and so have been enabled, as is the case with our weekly literary papers, to give a good deal of matter at a low price.

This, however, is evidently not a complete explanation of the facts which at first perplexed us. A careful examination of these antique magazines shews that they must have avoided, in a great measure, one of the chief sources of expense to a modern literary periodical—namely, the payment of contributors. Their proprietors relying, as they did, mainly upon the attractiveness of the news, and the pictorial embellishments, which they offered in profusion, neglected the merely

literary part of their publication. This portion of the magazine was supplied, for the most part, in the manner in which some of the weekly newspapers of the present day are accustomed to furnish a modicum of literature to their subscribers—that is to say, partly by the gratuitous contributions of casual correspondents, and partly by copious extracts from newly published works. Young and untried writers, who were anxious to see themselves in print; unsuccessful authors, whose works the publishers would not buy; sufferers, who had grievances to proclaim; and speculators, who had projects to bring before the world, addressed themselves to some one or other of the magazines; and a composition must have been very indifferent indeed, or very exceptionable, which was refused admission. A page in every number is usually occupied by the 'acknowledgments' of the editor to his correspondents, rendered either in the form of thanks for their 'favours,' or suggestions for the improvement of their writings. It is well known that most of the authors of those days made the first essay of their powers in the magazines. Johnson, Collins, Goldsmith, Gray, and, in fact, almost every writer who subsequently attained distinction, entered the field of literature through this always open and inviting avenue. It is observable, however, that in no instance did these eminent authors, when they had risen to fame, continue to write for the periodicals. The returns for literary labour were then small enough at the best; but while a successful book might bring some gain to the writer, both in money and reputation, the best contributions to the monthly periodicals produced little more than the 'thanks' of the editor. The literary staff of a magazine in those days seems to have consisted of an editor-in-chief—a post which was sometimes filled by the publisher himself—and of three or four 'hack-writers' of the humblest class, whose business was mostly in the way of compiling, extracting, making summaries, and writing to order, as occasion required. In looking over these publications, one gets a lively, and at the same time a very dismal idea of Grub Street. We see that the public, solicitous chiefly about the news, were contented with a very indifferent quality of literature; and the publishers, naturally conforming to the public taste, expended so much in procuring intelligence and attractive pictures, that they could only afford to pay for the work of the lowest literary craftsmen. We thus begin to understand how it was that the last century produced that swarm of dull and needy writers, the objects of Pope's cynical ridicule, of Goldsmith's careless bounty—always in want, yet always managing to pick up a scrambling and hap-hazard subsistence in the obscure byways of literature. All the qualification a magazine writer needed in those days, was a mere aptitude for putting words together in such a manner as would convey a meaning; subject and materials were provided for him by his employer: style and learning were superfluities, not required or paid for. As we turn over the pages of these antiquated serials, we distinguish without difficulty the works of the luckless heroes of the *Dunciad*, or their compeers. Here we find an account of Cook's first voyage, running through a dozen numbers of the *Town and Country Magazine*. It is condensed, we see, from Hawkesworth's narrative, with all the animation squeezed out of it, and is apparently about as interesting as a log-book. Then we have a description of the counties of England and Scotland—another dreary series of articles, exactly in the style of a gazetteer, and no doubt compiled from a work of that class. Biographies of eminent men, done in the same literal and unattractive manner, occupy a considerable space. For light reading, we have hapless attempts at humorous essays in the style of the *Spectator*, and 'moral tales,' generally of a most absurd and lackadaisical character. Here, for example, is the opening paragraph of one which ought to be rather above the

ordinary mark, inasmuch as it was thought worthy of being 'embellished with an engraving from the design of a celebrated artist.' It is entitled 'The Infant Rambler, or Distressed Mother,' and begins in the following fashion:—'Eliza was a person of the most delicate feelings; she was married to a gentleman whose sentiments were equal with her own. He was taken ill; his illness turned to a putrid fever; and though attended by the most celebrated physicians, was summoned to that tribunal at which we must all appear.' It will be observed, that in this affecting passage a slight lapse of the writer's grammar has summoned the fever instead of the patient to the ultimate tribunal. Justice to departed Grub Street, however, requires us to add, that there appears to be no harm in such compositions, beyond their invariable dulness and their frequent absurdity.

The great improvement which has taken place in the character of our periodical literature, has usually been ascribed to the influence of the example set by the *Edinburgh Review*. But, in fact, the existence of this example itself, and the change to which it is supposed to have led, are due to two causes—the French Revolution, and the spread of education among the people. The manner in which the French Revolution operated indirectly in changing the form of English literature, is a curious subject, which the elder D'Israeli, or some other historian of literature, would have found worth investigating. We do not now refer to the grander and more profound effects of that great convulsion, but simply to the peculiar influence which it had in giving a new shape, style, and character, to the productions of our periodical press of every description. This effect was produced in a very simple way, though one that has perhaps never been clearly stated. It has been before remarked, that during the greater part of the last century, the monthly magazines supplied the place of our present weekly papers, as the purveyors of news to the great mass of the reading-public, and that the attractiveness which they derived from this office, secured for them a large circulation, without reference to the quality of their literature, to which, consequently, little regard was paid. But the exciting events of the French Revolution, and of the wars which followed it, led to an eager demand for news, which could not be satisfied by a monthly publication. The daily papers rose largely in circulation, and assumed a new character, no longer confining themselves to the mere collection of intelligence, but beginning to comment freely and regularly upon the events of the day. Finally, to satisfy the taste for mingled politics and literature—a taste which had been originally awakened by the monthly periodicals—the weekly papers were established, or recast, and, after various changes, gradually assumed the form which they have at the present day—a form which, it may be added, appears to be peculiar to this country and the United States.

Deprived of their functions as chroniclers of news, the magazines were compelled thenceforward to depend for their success entirely upon their literature; and to render this attractive, its quality had at least to be raised to the level of that of most contemporary works. It could not be supposed that the public would continue to purchase the trashy compilations and inane fictions which had merely been tolerated before, by most readers, for the sake of the parliamentary debates and monthly digest of intelligence which had accompanied them. Now that these were withdrawn, it was certain that the newspapers and the circulating libraries would supply in Great Britain, as they did on the continent, the wants of the reading public, unless an entire change should be effected in the character of the monthly and quarterly serials. It was undoubtedly Francis Jeffrey who first perceived the necessity for this change, and shewed how it was to be effected. By paying the

contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* at a rate corresponding to that at which the authors of successful books were usually paid, he secured for the Review the regular co-operation of some of the ablest writers in the country; and while the merit of their productions won for the Review a great and remunerative success, they had the effect, at the same time, of raising the general standard and character of periodical literature. The diffusion of knowledge and of cultivated tastes over a constantly extending circle of readers, no doubt contributed not a little to bring about this consummation. But there can be as little doubt, that the excitement of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars hastened the change, and gave it a peculiar direction and result. For one effect, it swept away, with the single exception of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has always had a special circulation and support, the whole brood of the old periodicals, doubtless because their conductors could not comprehend, or adapt themselves to, the change of circumstances, and the new spirit and wants of the age. The existing magazines are the products of these new conditions; and, as was before remarked, it is not till we have compared them with their predecessors, that we obtain an accurate perception of the wide chasm in literature which separates the era of our great-grandfathers from our own.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

I WOULD not dare to offer thee the hackneyed words of love;
I know such homage of the lip thy heart could never
move:

I never said thy face was fair, or praised its loveliness,
Yet I could utter strains like these, had I esteemed thee
less.

And yet I feel thou must have seen my heart was thine
alone,
Have heard this voice of faithful love breathe in my every
tone.

Yes, faithful! for have I not dared thy foibles to reprove;
And couldst thou at my hand demand a sterner test of
love?

I've lingered near thee, and have heard full many a lover
sigh,
While breathing forth their honeyed words with seeming
fervency;
And though I felt what they but feigned, they played their
part so well,
No voice, no words were left to me, my heart's fond
thoughts to tell.

Thou deem'st me cold! a warmer heart there never
throbb'd than mine;
My cheek and eye have kindled bright at slightest glance
of thine:

Thy voice can make my spirit glad, thy smile to transport
move,
Thy footstep bids my heart beat high! Oh! must not this
be love?

And wilt thou, dearest, then reject this homage of the
heart,
Or chide me that I ne'er can tell how very dear thou art?
When most the cooling draught we need, the noisy brook
is dry,
But the deep fountain, though unheard, springs up
unceasingly!

HARRIET.

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